

Good Morning 247

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

A SWELL
PARTY'S
AWAITING
E.R.A.
MALCOLM
McNEIL

—MOTHER SAYS SO!

TO break it gently, E.R.A. Malcolm McNeil, you missed the biggest party ever held at Wishaw. Dozens of neighbours had contributed rations and hours of cooking were spent in your honour. The food was all prepared, and the party was terrific, Malcolm. Well, you know your mother—she never does anything that's not absolutely tops. And listen to this: "There is going to be an even bigger

and better party when he does get home." The speaker was your mother. So count the days, Malcolm!

The "Three Stooges" (pardon the familiarity, but we believe you are the author of that somewhat unflattering name) were at 34 Shand Street when we called, and they all seemed delighted that a message was going out to you.

They each thought of dozens of messages for you, but thought most of them would have to wait until they could pass them on verbally.

However, we did learn that things were just about the same as ever in Wishaw; most of your pals are away in the Services, and most of your girlfriends, too.

Letters are getting through from Jack in Italy now, and he seems to be quite pleased with himself.

Willie Weir, your civvy-street workmate, passes the house on his way to work, and frequently drops in to get news of you. The few remaining members of the Eagle Cycling Club also ask after you and send greetings to you.

Silly's son, Tommy, had a letter from you a few days ago, and he's delighted. We promised to give you a gentle hint that a few more letters wouldn't overcrowd the letter-box.

By the way, do you remem-



ber the Rev. Simpson? He's a Chaplain in the Army now, your mother hears.

Your father gets a word in here, Malcolm, and says: "Good luck, son; keep 'em flying." And your mother has the last word: "All our love, Malcolm; we're all longing to have you home again."



THERE'S A BIG BERRY BUZZ TO-DAY

BECAUSE seventy per cent. of the world's coffee comes from Brazil, there's been a scramble all over occupied Europe to find drinkable substitutes.

The same thing happened when Napoleon was playing the dictator game. The British blockade cut supplies almost to nil, sending the price soaring to dizzy heights that despairing devotees of the toothsome berry sought solace in the Dutch substitute, chicory, which was hastily cultivated on a huge scale.

When Sieur de la Roque returned to Marseilles from Constantinople in 1634, he brought with him a small metal pot and some coffee beans, which he roasted and brewed in it. But Roque's brew was hailed as a medicine, not as a beverage. It was sold in chemists' shops; doctors prescribed it for scurvy, dropsy, even consumption and smallpox. A sharp warning was issued against mixing it with milk. Germans insisted that the

new drink was a winner, but Frederick the Great complained that the habit was deplorable, that everyone in Germany had acquired it.

The custom spread to Scandinavia, and the Swedish King, Gustav III, doubtful of the value of either of the new-fangled drinks, coffee and tea, had a brain-wave.

To settle the question, he offered to commute to life imprisonment the death sentence lately passed on two brothers for murder, if in return they would agree to be subjects for experiment.

Accordingly one received a daily ration of coffee, the other an equivalent potion of tea. But the brothers lived on and on.

Finally, at age 83, one—the tea-drinker—died, settling the then years-old bitter national controversy. Satisfied, the Swedish people took to coffee drinking, and now lead the

world in its per capita consumption of the beverage.

Actually, the coffee bean has both medicinal and generally beneficial properties. Caffeine is to coffee what alcohol is to wine. Taken in moderation, it is alike a brain and muscle stimulant, and is equally helpful whether the day's task is mental or physical, while no depressing reaction follows its use, as with many other beverages. It is employed as an antidote to certain poisons and in acute alcoholism.

As a daily beverage coffee imposes fewer risks on the nervous system and the digestive organs than tea, the reason being that it contains less tannin.

Tea-poisoning is a fairly common complaint among the tea-drinking nations, but coffee-poisoning is so rare that you scarcely ever find it, even in countries where ten times as

MEET YOURSELF, PAL—IF YOU'RE AN A.M.

AN A.M.

WEBSTER FAWCETT GIVES THE LOW-DOWN

MEET the sweetheart's disillusionment and the mother's joy—the average man, as hard facts see him.

Not the romantic, clean-shaven hero of fiction, for chances are only 1 in 7 that he'll shave every day and 500—1 against his shaving twice.

Hardly a musical comedy hero, either, for chances are 1 in 25 against his being a good dancer and 15 to 1 against a good singing voice.

But he's a MAN!—an A.M.!

BEARDS AND SMOKES. IF he were to let his beard grow throughout his whole married life it would range to just about 18 feet, or more than three times his own height. If the A.M. were to accumulate all the cigarettes he smokes—and he wastes less tobacco than his wife—they'd amount to 262,800, not counting another 33,000 given away.

He's so generous that he passes seven-elevenths of his income to his wife or blood relatives. Yet only an elephant and a whale rank a bigger brain!

Interested? Well, let's get our teeth into this statistical stuff.

MARRIED GROUSE.

THE average man marries when he's 27, and becomes a father at 32. Unlike his wife,

much coffee is drunk—as, for example, in Sweden.

The original discoverers of the stimulating properties of the coffee bean were a herd of goats, so the story goes.

An Arabian herder, noticing that his flock became unusually skittish, forgoing their customary siesta after nibbling at the berries of the coffee bush, investigated. He passed the intelligence to the local mullah, and that worthy tested its effects on certain of his monks who were given to somnolence at evening prayers. Thenceforth the drink was regularly brewed as a prelude to divine worship.

Whether the tale of the Arab sheepman is true or not, it is a fact that many a coffee-grove owner has reported that "squirrels and elephants become more spirited after feeding on coffee leaves; birds burst into lively song, and monkeys grow gayer after a feast on the berries."

Thousands of people think coffee keeps you awake; so it may, if you drink it only occasionally. But imbibe it regularly, like the Swedes and Dutch and Spaniards, and its effect, generally, is to soothe, yet strengthen.

If you are an addict, then you'll know all about brands and qualities.

But in case you are not—apart from individual preferences determined by the country of origin, it is altitude that mainly governs the quality of the coffee berry. Coffee grown at 5,000 feet usually fetches a much higher price than that grown at, say, 1,500.

On Brazilian plantations, which produce more coffee than the rest of the world together, nearly all soil maintenance—even to-day—is by hand, with hoe and machete. There is a reason. Ploughs, say the experts, aid soil erosion, which impairs the flavour. The plants, in maturity, are like cherry trees, and they may bear as long as fifty years.

Speaking of coffee suggests "cafés." France, being the first Western European country to hear of the precious berry, the original coffee-houses were known as cafés—a word that has since been borrowed by almost every other country. Paris is literally one vast coffee-house.

he'd rather spend his average 21 years of married life in a single bed—where, by the way, he wears out pyjama bottoms quicker than the tops.

But he's apt to grouse for twenty of his matrimonial years that his bed is too short.

He grumbles, too, about talking and shaving at the same time, about politicians and prices and dirt.

He never gets out of his own bed on the wrong side, is disturbed when he has to do so from a strange bed. And—he's most quarrelsome before breakfast. But then, it's generally because he thinks his wife talks too much.

POLITE SHOPPER.

HE'S more polite in shops than she is, does only 12½ per cent. of the family buying, yet knows what he wants and rarely returns anything.

When he does, chances are roughly 100—1 against his making a scene. He buys 2½ shirts a year, 4-10ths of a pair of pyjamas, three pairs of socks, and half a suit.

He buys a pair of shoes once in 16 months, generally size 8—and hates buying handkerchiefs, hats, jewellery.

GOOD TIPPER.

IN general, he is most apt to exercise manly authority on wifely extravagance. Yet he tips more heavily than his wife, and eats more.

When given his head in a

peacetime year he used to get through 101lbs. of fruit, 144lbs. of meat, 207lbs. of wheaten flour, 25lbs. of butter, and 300 eggs.

BALD WORRIER.

IF he worries sometimes about his weight, he worries still more about the fifty-fifty chance of going bald. He goes grey at 40; his wife starts pulling out grey hairs at 35.

Normally the average man has 130,000 hairs to cope with—and spends six weeks of his life having them cut.

He also spends three hours a year winding his watch, and about double that time stroking the cat. Provided, of course, that he comes within the 1-in-4 category and owns a cat.

CASH CHANCES.

AND money? On this point the calculating machines say quite a lot. Chances are 1,000 to 1 against earning £1,000 a year or more, and four out of five men in this class are over 30. Average income, less tax, still stands at £2 15s. a week.

For all that, one man in seven is likely to have money invested in property, one in three has cash tied up in a trade or business.

And the average man has doubled and redoubled his savings in the past two years!

CASH CONVERSATION.

ANY wonder if money or the job at which he earns money forms the A.M.'s major conversational topic?

News and current events rank next, away from home. When at home, these topics are changed to mutual interests with his wife.

In an average day the A.M. has 216,000 words to say—nearly four times more words than you'll find in an average novel.

Speaking delivery, incidentally, is 20 per cent. slower than a woman's. Despite this, he complains that a woman doesn't tell a story quickly enough.

SPORTING LIKES.

NORMALLY, 8 in 10 chances favour his interest in football. If he reads fewer books than his wife, he normally reads more newspapers and more of each newspaper.

His literary tastes favour thrillers, then biographies and travel books.

Stronger willed and with a longer memory than a woman, he is less apt to peep at the end of a mystery novel and more likely to remember facts and details.

MEDICALLY MARRIED.

MEDICALLY, marriage is good for him. The average married man lives 20 per cent. longer than the average bachelor.

Blondes, too, are preferred, for there are 30 per cent. more fair married women than dark.

At 20 a woman travels more than a man. At 40 it's the man who indulges in wanderlust; and even then bachelors face a double risk of accidents.



DESCENT INTO THE MAELSTRÖM

WE had now reached the summit of the loftiest crag. For some minutes the old man seemed too much exhausted to speak.

"Not long ago," said he at length, "and I could have guided you on this route as well as the youngest of my sons; but about three years past there happened to me an event such as never happened before to mortal man—or, at least, such as no man ever survived to tell of—and the six hours of deadly terror which I then endured have broken me up body and soul. You suppose me a very old man—but I am not. It took less than a single day to change these hairs from a jetty black to white, to weaken my limbs, and to unstring my nerves, so that I tremble at the least exertion, and am frightened at a shadow. Do you know I can scarcely look over this little cliff without getting giddy?"

The "little cliff" upon whose edge he had so carelessly thrown himself down to rest that the weightier portion of his body hung over it, while he was only kept from falling by the tenure of his elbow on its extreme and slippery edge—this "little cliff" arose, a sheer unob-

★ ★ ★

structed precipice of black shining rock, some fifteen or sixteen hundred feet from the world of crags beneath us. Nothing would have tempted me to be within half-a-dozen yards of its brink.

In truth, so deeply was I excited by the perilous position of my companion that I fell at full length upon the ground, clung to the shrubs around me, and dared not even glance upward at the sky—while I struggled in vain to divest myself of the idea that the very foundations of the mountain were in danger from

By EDGAR ALLAN POE—Part I

the fury of the winds. It was long before I could reason myself into sufficient courage to sit up and look out into the distance.

"You must get over these fancies," said the guide, "for I have brought you here that you might have the best possible view of the scene of that event I mentioned—and to tell you the whole story with the spot just under your eye."

"We are now," he continued, in that particularising manner which distinguished him—"we are now close upon the Norwegian coast—in the sixty-eighth degree of latitude—in the great province of Nordland, and in the dreary district of Lofoden. The mountain upon whose top we sit is Helseggen, the Cloudy. Now raise yourself up a little higher—hold on to the grass if you feel giddy—so—and look out, beyond the belt of vapour beneath us, into the sea."

I looked dizzily, and beheld a wide expanse of ocean, whose waters wore so inky a hue as to bring at once to my mind

the Nubian geographer's account of the *Mare Tenebrarum*. A panorama more deplorably desolate no human imagination can conceive. To the right and left, as far as the eye could reach, there lay outstretched, like ramparts of the world, lines of horribly black and beetling cliff, whose character of gloom was but the more forcibly illustrated by the surf which reared high against it its white and ghastly crest, howling and shrieking for ever.

Just opposite the promontory upon whose apex we were placed, and at a distance of some five or six miles out at sea, there was visible a small, bleak-looking island; or, more properly, its position was discernible through the wilderness of surge in which it was enveloped. About two miles nearer the land arose another of smaller size hideously craggy and barren, and encompassed at various intervals by a cluster of dark rocks.

The appearance of the ocean, in the space between the more distant island and the shore, had something very unusual about it. Although, at the time, so strong a gale was blowing landward that a brig in the remote offing lay to under a double-reefed trysail, and constantly plunged her whole hull out of sight, still there was here nothing like a regular swell, but only a short, quick, angry dashing of water in every direction—as well in the teeth of the wind as otherwise. Of foam there was little except in the immediate vicinity of the rocks.

"The island in the distance," resumed the old man, "is called by the Norwegians Vurrgh. The one midway is Moskoe. That a mile to the northward is Ambaaren. Yonder are Islesen, Hotholm, Keildhelm, Suarven, and Buckholm. Farther off, between Moskoe and Vurrgh, are Otterholm, Flimen, Sandflesen, and Stockholm. These are the true names of the places, but why it has been thought necessary to name them at all is more than either you or I can understand. Do you hear anything? Do you see any change in the water?"

We had now been about ten minutes upon the top of Helseggen, to which we had ascended from the interior of Lofoden, so that we had caught no glimpse of the sea until it had burst upon us from the summit.

As the old man spoke, I became aware of a loud and gradually increasing sound, like the moaning of a vast herd of buffaloes upon an American prairie; and at the same moment I perceived that what seamen term the chopping character of the ocean beneath us was rapidly changing into a current which set to the eastward. Even while I gazed, this current acquired a monstrous velocity. Each moment added to its speed, to its headlong impetuosity.

ROUND THE WORLD

with our
Roving Cameraman



WHERE COUNTLESS FEET HAVE TROD.

Rider Haggard never imagined anything more ancient than the age-old cave dwellings of this cliff in Nigeria. King Solomon's Mines never had a more thrilling setting. Who dwelt up there in the holes on the face of this sun-baked precipice? Nobody knows. But in the dark past men did live there—men who hewed a staircase out of a solid tree-trunk and crept into the dark caves for shelter. Even the modern natives speak low when they come near the mysterious hovels of the old, old world.

Here the vast bed of the waters, seamed and scarred into a thousand conflicting channels, burst suddenly into frenzied convulsion—heaving, boiling, hissing—gyrating in gigantic and innumerable vortices, and all whirling and plunging on to the eastward with a rapidity which water never elsewhere assumes, except in precipitous descents.

In a few minutes more there came over the scene another radical alteration. The general surface grew somewhat more smooth, and the whirlpools, one by one, disappeared, while prodigious streaks of foam became apparent where none had been seen before. These streaks, at length, spreading out to a great distance, and entering into combination, took unto themselves the gyratory motion of the subsided waters and seemed to form the germ of another more vast.

Suddenly—very suddenly—this assumed a distinct and definite existence, in a circle of more than a mile in diam-

eter. The edge of the whirl was represented by a broad belt of gleaming spray; but no particle of this slipped into the mouth of the terrific funnel, whose interior, as far as the eye could fathom it, was a smooth, shining and jet-black wall of water, inclined to the horizon at an angle of some forty-five degrees, speeding dizzily round and round with a swaying and sweltering motion, and sending forth to the winds an appalling voice, half shriek, half roar, such as not even the mighty cataract of Niagara ever lifts up in its agony to Heaven.

(To be continued)

Answer to MAZE in No. 246.

Turn once to the right, then twice to the left, and repeat four times.

Solution to Picture Quiz in No. 246: Head of George VI.

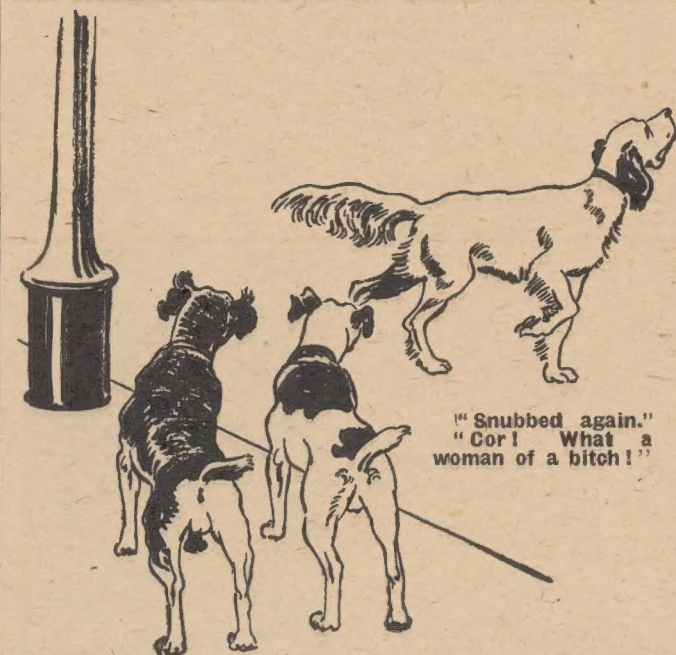
QUIZ for today

1. A coss is a bird, mathematical term, Indian measurement, carving in stone, wild berry, idiot?
2. Who wrote (a) The Brook, (b) The Brook Kerith?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why: Baffy, Driver, Crosse, Niblick, Putter, Mashie?
4. About how many pints go to a litre?
5. Who designed the lions at the foot of Nelson's Column, Trafalgar Square?
6. What are the names of the Scottish Quarter Days?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt: Losestrife, Ostracism, Pluerisy, Quagga, Reprehend, Apprehend?
8. What is the meaning of the word "marmalade"?
9. How many keys has a normal piano?
10. Where is the shortest railway line in the world?
11. What is the capital of Venezuela?
12. Complete the phrases: (a) A rift in —, (b) The Gordian —

Answer to Quiz in No. 246

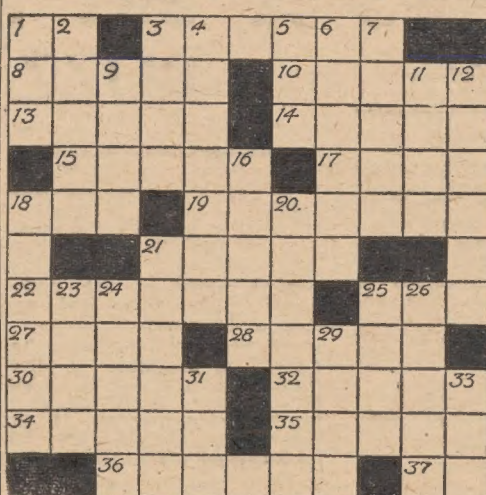
1. Weapon.
2. (a) J. M. Barrie, (b) Quiller-Couch.
3. Solitaire is a game for one; others for two or more.
4. Ouse.
5. 32.
6. Encomium, Enfilade, Endeavour.
7. Bugle.
8. 1869.
9. Armoured. (Medieval German word for a coat-of-mail.)
10. 1859.
11. Hobart.
12. (a) The nose, (b) Own canoe.

JANE



CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1 Suffice. 3 Halve. 8 Garment. 10 Sing.



- 13 Animal.
- 14 Boat.
- 15 Stair-front.
- 17 Whims.
- 18 Draughts piece.
- 19 Maggots.
- 21 Stop.
- 22 Bad point.
- 25 Vehicle.
- 27 Notion.
- 28 Fish-preserver.
- 30 Jagged stumps.
- 32 Goes by conveyance.
- 34 Answering call.
- 35 Representative.
- 36 Leaves of calyx.
- 37 Affirmative.

Solution to Problem in No. 246.

LICKED BRAD
EMU ROULADE
SPREAD ANIL
TOLL GUM TA
SIMPERED Y
FENCE GLASS
L GRACEFUL
AM USA ANEW
NIBS PUTTEE
GLITTER EVA
EDDY SENDER

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Fish.
- 2 Musical show.
- 3 Master.
- 4 Number.
- 5 And so forth.
- 6 Gulleful.
- 7 Of musical pitch.
- 9 Wet.
- 11 Vein of ore.
- 12 Landlord.
- 16 Memento.
- 18 Fashionable.
- 20 Musical note.
- 21 Hound.
- 23 Girl's name.
- 24 Repasts.
- 25 Transfer.
- 26 Sphere of action.
- 29 Equips.
- 31 Soak.
- 33 Swelling.

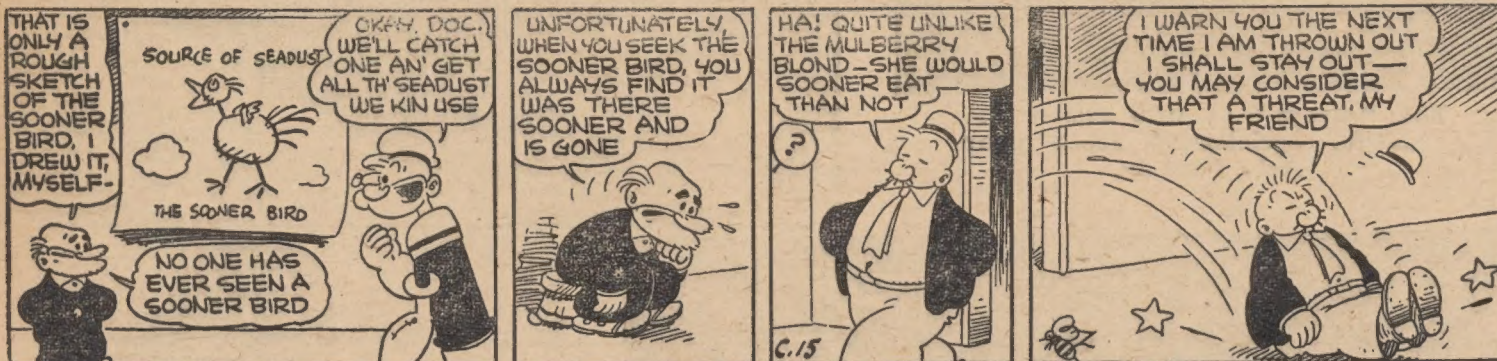
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



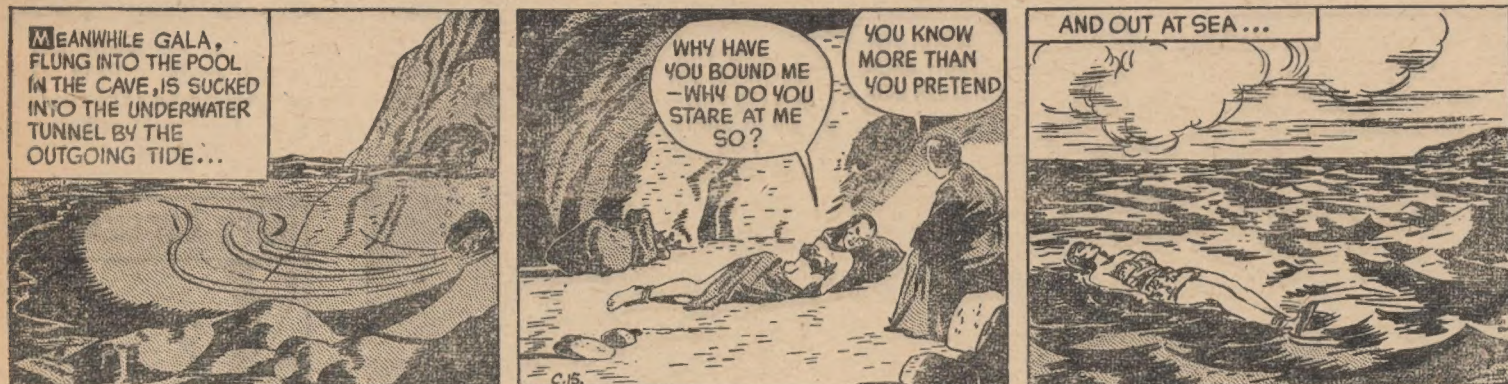
POPEYE



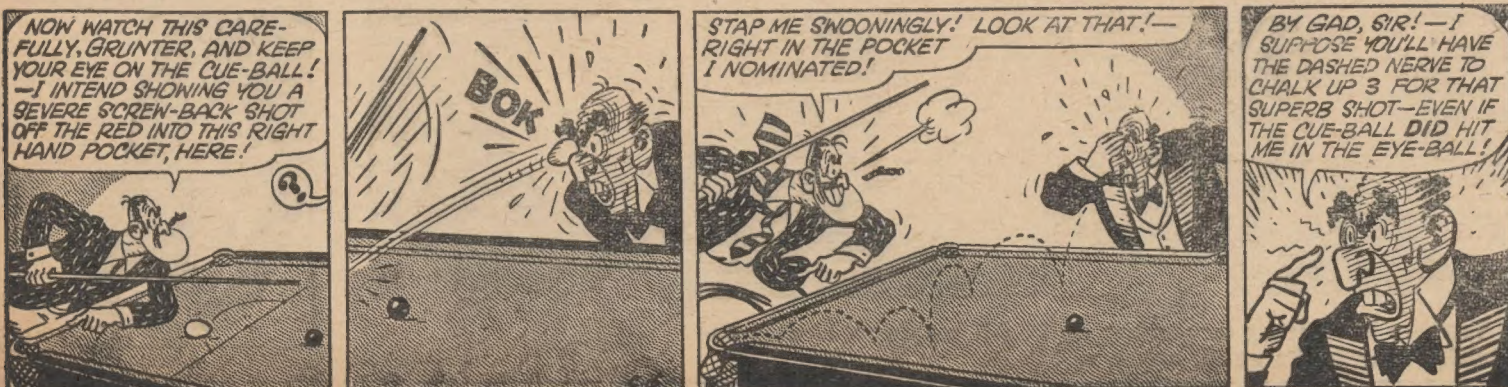
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



ARGUE THIS OUT FOR YOURSELVES

THE TEST OF AGES.

THE ordinary rules of morality and even of honour are rules tested by many thousand years of experience. They are the ways of action that man has found to be good and knows to be good wherever he sees them. Not all people or all societies agree, of course, but the differences are superficial. Except in times of war or violent frenzy, a good man is a good man and a rogue a rogue all the world over. We grope our way towards the good; we can strive for it, we can die for it; we do not absolutely and for certain know it. If we did we should have penetrated the great mystery by which on every side man's little life is surrounded.

Gilbert Murray, O.M.

BY SWEAT OF THE BROW.

WHATEVER plans politicians and academic economists may propound for post-war rehabilitation, the stark fact remains that only by the sweat of their brows and fertility of invention can the people of this or any other country earn the wages that will bring them food, homes, and the attendant advantages of an ordered civilisation.

Lord Nuffield.

SALT OF SELF-CRITICISM.

NO society can afford to set little store by the freedom of its members. The totalitarian state can be for a time a mighty and even inspiring affair. But haven't we seen that its balance, its sanity, is always a bit precarious? It so easily becomes megalomaniac and falls into a tyranny. For it demands not just obedience, but obedience in every detail. So it breeds fanaticism both in rulers and in subjects. . . . The truth is that no society can do without the salt of self-criticism.

Sir Hector Hetherington (Vice-Chancellor, Glasgow University).

SUNDAY SHOWS.

I SUGGEST that either Parliament or the people, or the people through Parliament, make known their decision that if our soldiers must fight for us on Sunday, they can also be allowed restful and happy recreation on that same day.

Sir Thomas Moore, M.P.

THE FUTURE GERMANY.

LIBERTY, as Lord Acton showed, both needs and produces diversity. The best, if not the only, way in Germany to encourage the growth of truly liberal and democratic ideas is to encourage the restoration of the diversity of political, administrative, and cultural life, the destruction of which began under Bismarck and has been almost completed under Hitler.

Col. T. H. Minshall.

"GENTLEMAN," AN IDEAL.

THERE is no better test of a civilisation or the character of a people than what qualities they in general show respect for. The Scotch are an equalitarianly-minded people. "A man's a man for a' that," but for long they showed an unforced respect for intelligence, for ministers, doctors, even that now despised class, professors. The Irish have the same bent of mind, but have always respected holiness. The English, with their more hierarchical turn of mind, have perhaps made, as a German critic complained, the "gentleman" their too exclusive ideal, their ambition always to rise in the social scale.

Sir Herbert Grierson.

THE CLAIMS OF ART.

A WORLD which does not produce art would not be a world I should want. . . . Assuming the community in the future is to be all-powerful, its first duty to the writer, painter, musician, etc., is to let him alone, and give him, as it were, a room to himself where he can turn out his stuff. And its second duty is to reward him for the stuff, even though it does not understand it or like it. And its third duty is to remember that creation is actually more important than appreciation, and that it's no good training the public to enjoy when nothing is being produced that merits enjoyment.

E. M. Forster.

WHEN PEACE COMES.

PEACE will come. . . . We shall be free to fall back into less admirable ways. How can we save ourselves? I think that the best answer to that question was given by the Greek thinker Plato in a dialogue called the "Charmides." "It is not," he said, "the life of knowledge, not even if it includes all the sciences, that creates happiness and well-being, but a single branch of knowledge—the knowledge of good and evil. If we omit this, medicines will still be able to give us health, and shoemaking shoes, and weaving clothes. Seafaring will still save life at sea and strategy win battles. But without the knowledge of good and evil the use and excellence of these sciences will be found to have failed us."

Sir Richard Livingstone.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.



This England

The "Greys" go into action. A beautiful agricultural scene near Acle, Norfolk.

"And you mean to tell ME that you go under the water in a great big tin fish! Good gracious, why you look just the same as ordinary sailors to me!"



THE LIFE AND SOUL OF THE PARTY?



What we call a sensible tail — useful at both ends. This ring-tailed lemur always has its cushion AND powder-puff wherever it goes.



"Now don't ask us whether Linden Travers is retiring or getting up! All we know is that the Gaumont British star looks good, any way!"

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF



"Come closer sister."